

-See Page 3.





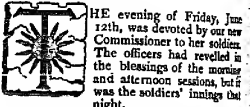
of meetings and councils will, in the immediate future, manifest itself in a glorious outbreak of soul-saving times throughout the Territory. Hallelujah!



## The Council for Officers and Soldiers

(FRIDAY, JUNE 12th, 8 P.M.)

Tide Runging at the Flood—Ovation to General Commandant and Mrs. Booth—Commissioner Eva Sounds Thrilling Charge to the Troops—Our Leader Carried Along by Nearly Two Hours by God the Holy Ghost—A Marvellous Climax.



The high tide of feeling which had been running like a mountain torrent, caught its gathering right at the commencement and surged up into a boiling maelstrom of enthusiasm when the Commissioner concluded his one hour and three-quarters long charge to the troops, and the "how down" commenced.

I want to note a few points:

FIRST.—The soldiers are alive to their privileges. Jubilee Hall was choked with them. Late comers had to squat down wherever they saw a clear piece of floor.

SECOND.—There is not the shadow of a doubt as to where Commissioner Eva stands with her soldiers. She is enthroned in the hearts already; they have given her the full measure of their hearts' love and confidence; they evinced it when they gave her that wildly enthusiastic ovation at the start of the meeting.

THIRD.—The General, if it were possible, has come much nearer to their hearts since the appointment of the present Commissioner took effect. The message which the "WAR CAT" read aloud by the Chief Secretary, evoked an affecting outburst from all. The love and fidelity which the General asks for his child was already given in the noblest spirit.

FOURTH.—The Commandant and Mrs. Booth are by no means forgotten. "God bless him!" is the cry of the General's message, and the feeling which accompanied those expressions, were scarcely exceeded by the response made to the kindly message which he read to the troops.

FIFTH.—The charge to the troops made by the Commissioner is the keyword for the new epoch. Basing her remarks on the record of the transfer of Commissioner Moore's position to Commissioner Joshua, the whole house became magnetic with the thrill of the great event described and brought down to the facts of the last few days. The lessons of the night, focused down to a few words, which the "WAR CAT" desired to send as a signal along the line, are: PLUCK! BE STRONG! BE OF GOOD COURAGE! FORWARD! EVERY PLACE WHICH THE SOLE OF YOUR FOOT SHALL TREAD UPON HAS GOD GIVEN TO YOU.

No wonder the Commissioner's words were caught in the current and couldn't stop talking, even when her voice gave way. The chorus,

"This is where you'll find us,"

helped considerably as a safety valve, but the pressure was still too great. Suddenly the Newfoundlander rose, and while the crowd trailed along with

"This is where you'll find us,  
This is where we are,"

they commenced that peculiar and genuine motion popularly known as a "two-step." Needless to say the "Newfoundlander" was soon in the majority, till at last Commissioner Eva Booth took her first spell in a low down dance. After that, of course the dance had to be applied, but it took some time to get it.

Oh, it was a climax.—COMPTON.

## Our London Letter.

Commissioner Coombs in the British Saddle—A Saturation of Blaspheming and Betting—Royalty and Debauchery United.

(From our own Correspondent at I. H. Q., June 5th, 1896.)

COMMISSIONER COOMBS had not been 24 hours in his new saddle than he said some things which will "re-main."

At his formal introduction to the Training Home and London Provincial Staff, (which right away was most graciously done by Commissioner Howard) he said that he was no Little Englander, nor had he any sympathy with the Little Canada, Little Germany, or the Little Australia spirit. He looked forward to a grand union than that of the English speaking race. He belonged to the world. He was for the union of all men by the power of the cross, and thus he said, and at the right moment.

What he said concerning England being able to be magnificently generous in men and money toward other portions of the world struck a happy note among the International Staff and elated the Newfoundlander Secretary.

What impressed me chiefly about the new British Commissioner, however, is his spirit. The fine, simple, and yet many and Christlike expressions of the feelings which stirred within him as he beheld the great city of London—full of wealth and sin—found a ready entrance into our hearts. We have been reminded this week of the appalling magnitude of the task to which both Commissioner Coombs and Commissioner Rees have before them in this city alone.

This is Derby Week, the week when the blue ribbon of the turf is won. The racecourse is situated among the stupendous, lovely downs of Surrey, about 20 miles from London. Thither the moral scum of London has the night before, and on the great day of the race, hundreds of thousands of persons (some say half a million) turn the downs into a saturnalia of roguery, robbery, blaspheming and betting.

This fetich of the British public has this year increased in popularity and influence. Last year the Prime Minister of England carried the coveted ribbon with its prize of £25,000. This year it fell to the future King of England, and the wild, tumultuous scene which culminated in the descent of the Royal prince among the common herd of the course is almost without a parallel in modern times. On either side of the course are erected mighty stands, and the hill on the southern side of the course is a specially fine vantage point for the ordinary mob.

As soon as the signal was hoisted announcing the royal horse as the winner of the Derby, from every stand there arose a shout of triumph from 200,000 throats, mingled with the other mad cries of the multitude, and a host of money in the gambles and bettings. It was a ghastly spectacle. Royalty and debauchery, for the moment, were united. Scarcely half a minute elapsed when there ran, like an on-flowing river, a perfect crowd of humanity, covering the course with blackness, and rending the air with heathenish vociferation. It seemed as if the mouth of hell opened and belched forth the fire of hellish gloze over the success of the volarities of her famous government.

And it is to this people that in the good providence of God, Commissioner Coombs and Commissioner Rees have come and taken the places held by Commissioner Howard and Commissioner Booth.

It stands to reason that nothing short of new measures, inflamed by Holy Ghost power, can create a conscience against monster evils of this character all over the world, and any efforts in this direction which they may encourage will be warmly welcomed.

The remarkable readiness with which the Foreign Office has met the party of Field Officers for the United States indicates the strong feeling of sympathy which exists this side the herring pond. And the privilege of talking to one of the party this morning, and her testimony is a specimen of the spirit of that of the whole party. I consider it the highest honor a Field Officer could have conferred upon him to go just now to the States, and I am going cheerfully, to know nothing among men who have Christ and Him crucified.

## COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH AT NEW YORK.

### TREMENDOUS SEND-OFF.

New York Salvationists Out in Force—Memorial Hall Crowded With Attentive Audience.

Among the notables on the platform, besides the visitors, our leaders and the Colonel, we might mention Lieutenant-Colonel Perry, Brigadier Wm. Evans, Brigadier Richard Evans, Brigadier Brown, Brigadier Cox, Brigadier Lewis. A host in themselves, verily.

Lieutenant-Colonel Perry discovered something ago that the gallery railings were beautiful advertising stands, and whenever we have a special demonstration, it is quite natural for us to glance up and see what the sure-to-be-there signs say. To-night they read, "Loving welcome to Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth. The world for God and the Salvation Army. Hallelujah for Canadian victories. Tell the General we love him better than ever." (Unwritten but meant, and that the sooner he can come and pay America a visit the happier we'll be.) "Our faith and prayers go with you to Australia, and please TELL THEM THAT YOU SAW US," the latter being a distinctly American and up-to-date inscription.

And now it comes! Blares of instruments, shouts, drum beats, hazzahs, yells and racket of all description, for mounting the platform we see the beloved features of our own Commandant and Consul, followed by the Commandant and Mrs. Herbert Booth, and as the musketeers quitted down a hurricane of hand-clapping came patterning from all over the building, while the Commandant quite calmly ties the American flag around his neck and waved back his thanks for this most hearty greeting.

The colon was so terrific that it gave several score of devils the war, and an ambulance was probably immediately summoned to remove them for repairs.

As every body was beginning to quiet down, that beautiful, inspiring, inevitable air came from the band corner—"Yankee Doodle Came to Town." This, of course, set the match to another barrel of applauding gunpowder.

The Colonel prayed, "Lord, may this be a blessing meeting to all our souls." A song came next, and the Consul started the chorus of one of the Commandant's songs, which has traversed the globe. "Grace there is for every debt to pay." Dr. Wilson, our staunch friend, then petitioned the throne on behalf of the gathering, and the meeting was really in full swing.

The Central Division Victory Boys were called out by the Commandant and rendered—them!—a selection, winding up with "This is where you'll find us."

Now the Commandant is on his feet—"Yankee Doodle" again, and amidst the most tremendous cheering, he and the Commander executed a lovely Americanian jig. The step was simply perfect. The Commandant threw a kiss to all the young men in the house, and then launched forth into a talk that was brimful of illustrations and anecdotes. "I don't want to intrude upon the ground some one else may be covering, but one I must mention. He told of a young lady on board a ship at sea who had three suitors for the grey-bearded horse-headed sea-captain for advice. "Well," said he, "to-morrow morning, when the sun is all on deck, you jump overboard. Don't be afraid, I'll have a boat ready to pick you up, and we'll see what happens." So the next morning the girl carried out her part of the programme, and with a soul-piercing shriek, fell overboard. Two minutes later, she was picked up by a boat to win her heart, leaped over after her. The third went to the rail very cool and looked on as the boat leaked the three up. On deck once more, the young lady said to the Captain, "Now you see, I'm in a worse fix than ever," she said, "and I don't know what to do." "Don't mind the gruff old salt," why, to be sure, marry the one who didn't jump overboard; he had the most sense.

(Tremendous applause.)

Of course, the application is self-evident, the Commandant said, and we all agreed with him, that those Salvationists had the most sense and the most love for souls, who hadn't jumped overboard from the good old Army ship. In the time of trouble, but who, looking away from any personal or flamboyant side issue, invented in hell and dispersed by the devil's agent for the sake of purgatory, getting us away from the cross, had kept their eyes fixed on Jesus and their work, determined to know nothing among men save Christ and Him crucified.

Just about here came a reference to our dear old General, then far away in Scandinavia, and if there's any truth in the old adage, his ears must indeed have tingled for the shout that went heavenward showed how deep is the heart-affection of New York Salvationists for our prophet leader.

A masterly defence followed of the Army's methods and peculiarities of dress, etc. But I must hurry on.

"What constitutes a soldier?" "Men tested by tribulation. We like to think of Job, not in his latter condition of tenderness, but in his earlier, when he stood on the dunghill; of Daniel, not as surrounded by the riches of his after career, but as in the den of lions, leaning alone on Jehovah's arm; and of Jesus, not as He triumphantly entered Jerusalem amidst the hosannas of the host, but as He hung on the tree, dying there, for you and for me."

How easy it is to talk about victories, but how hard to score them. That glorious record of triumphs in Canada due to us by the Commandant was quickly spoken, but the days, and nights, and months of self-sacrificing service, and the many times that we are unrecorded, as a dream that passeth by—unrecorded, save in the hearts of those twenty-five thousand souls who have been sheltered and fed for Jesus' sake, or by those 820 girls snatched from the maelstrom of the world and nurtured to lives of virtue. Of a truth, the good that men do is oft interred with their bones, forgotten by the world,—by all but those who have cherished, and registered save in the Lamb's Book of Life in the Eternal City.

We were glad to hear of the 300 corps and the nice new Shelters opened, and six additional Rescue Homes secured, to learn of the nearly doubled draught of the Toronto Star and Cry, and that the Salvation ship across the border has been pumped clean of water and that it was now financially sound and able to meet the storm.

AMERICAN HEARTS ARE UNSELFISH enough to redouble with our commendations, and to cheer the army for the Kingdom of God, and this glorious array that the Commandant told us about only proved to us more than ever that God will use our army Army everywhere, and if He be with us, who can be against us?

In conclusion, the Commandant said he was not only a Canadian, but a day American to-day, and Australian to-morrow, but that he was, over and above all, a son of man, and that wherever a human heart beat, wherever there was a soul to point to Jesus, there his soul longed to go, to spend and be spent in winning the WORLD FOR GOD.

Holding up the Stars and Stripes he said, "For the unity of that flag, American sons and daughters laid down their lives, and surely no American will ever doubt our loyalty to it, because at the same time, we fight for and pray for the unity of our Army banner." (Great applause.)

An offering was taken, after which the Consul introduced Mrs. Herbert Booth, who cut a bold and manly short talk right to the heart, and the Consul closed in prayer.

Who knows when we shall be privileged to hear the Commandant again, he goes to the other end of the world, to far-off Australia, but as he leaves, we send him a message to the soldiers and sailors of the Southern Cross: "You are getting a leader who will guide you on to greater victories than you have ever dreamed of. America's prayers are with you."

And as if to additionally bless the reporter's heart, as he was leaving the hall, he saw a sight unseen by many, but seen in heaven as one of the immediate results of this great meeting: it was in a corner of the hall. Four comrades were kneeling around a poor sickle, who was giving his heart once more to God, and who arose from his knees a saved man. Glory to God!

W. S. K.

## Passion's Slave

### DRIVEN TO HELL.

(See Front Page.)

READER, take, with me, three glimpses at a life's history.

SCENE I.—Here is one of the sweetest sights God has given to mortals,—a mother with her babe in her arms! Look at the little one's curly, flaxen hair, his rosy cheeks, those sweet, red lips, those clear, blue eyes. Observe the untroubled peace which sits like the reflection from an angel's wing upon every feature. In all the varied phases of life there is nothing more beautiful than this. What unalloyed joy swells the mother heart and beams through her countenance as she smooths her wee boy's sunny ringlets, and in accents of murmured tenderness calls him "precious babe," "tender innocent," "mamma's darling," or other similar endearing terms.

We hear much of love, but here is earth's best living example of it.

We turn from the scene with reluctant feet and chastened feelings.

Like the fond mother, we delight ourselves in the exquisite and pure joy of the moment—the future is, as yet, happily, in oblivion.

SCENE II. Twenty-five years have passed. It is night!

The abode of fashion and frivolity holds carnival. Every room is a blaze of light. The feast is spread. The dance will soon begin. The clink of glasses is heard, the red, red wine gurgles forth from the decanters which glitter in the light. The guests quaff the exhilarating fluid. Seductive and deadly are the influences which steal across the spirit on such occasions as this, when the votaries of Fashion, the devotees of pleasure, the wanton and the beguiled ones meet together and lift high the waters of death in which to drink each other's health.

And who is he whose lofty brow, whose flashing eye, whose yet red lips, whose sturdy, still, healthy, and un-facile leads the way in snelle and repartee—that leading spirit of the gay party whose wit add zest to every pleasure? That well-named head, that tall, straight, compact form of manly beauty—have we seen it before?

Ah! Yes. That princely figure is the once innocent baby-boy of twenty-five years ago.

How he revels in the exhilaration of the hour! His fair but fallen companion's twine roses in a wreath among his clustering curls and say he has "lost" her.

For slaves are they, though they seek it not, so softly are sin's alien cords woven around them. They say they are free, and as for the future,—ah! it shall supply equal pleasure, or greater; meantime they will worship at the shrine of Bacchus and Venus, and the race-course will supply the cash.

SCENE III. Fifteen more years have passed. We now see the boy and the man in still another aspect.

He is no longer caressed by the slither touch of vices; he thought easily shaken from him; no! no! the mask is off the beauty in whose voluptuous embraces he revelled, and the grinding force of death is disclosed in all her hideous reality.

How true it is! There comes first the thought of evil, THEN the action, THEN the habit, THEN the character formed by the habit, and lastly, OF CHARACTER IS BORN DESTINY.

He is proving it so.

He would not shake himself free, but he cannot. He is fastened by the fetters of unbreakable habit to his sinful pleasures, and they drive him down the road to ruin and tear.

He is awakened to his danger!

He sees he is perilously near the precipice! Perchance long-sleeping memories of his innocent childhood arise in his seething brain, but they only add to his agony. Remorse, too, seizes him, and with fingers of fire rings at his vitals as he thinks of the neglected grave of a long ago broken-hearted mother.

Last night with his passions and driven to hell with his eyes wide open, he will drink the last dregs of the cup of his iniquitous pleasure and—perish!

PERISH! Nay, it is my hope that some slave of passion who is driven at this very moment full till hell-ward may see these lines and be induced

even though on the very brink of hell itself, to look up from his slavery and remorse to the Son of Man, who, by the shedding of His own blood, has redeemed the souls of men. "Who Himself bare our sins in His own body on the tree." (1 Peter, II, 24) when "He tasted death for every man." (Heb. II, 9) Hear His standing invitation to sin's tightest-bound slave, "Come now and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." (Isa. I, 18.) Cry to Christ with all your heart. HE WILL SAVE.

Oh, may the Holy Spirit bring powerfully home to your heart the truth as it is in Jesus.  
"His blood can make the vilest clean."—John Complin.

## THE NEW COMMISSIONER'S VISIT TO THE SOCIAL FARM.

### "Where Did You Get that Hat?"

As is well-known, the Field Commissioner only arrived in Toronto on Thursday last, yet already she is well in the saddle and by the way she is going "at it," one can scarcely credit she has only so recently taken over the reins of her new command.

Therefore, it was a considerable surprise, as well as a great delight when the Commissioner, accompanied by Colonel Jacobs, suddenly landed on the doorstep of the Farm Cottage.

After exchanging bonnet and cap for two huge and evidently frequently worn straw hats, they made their way to the "sights" of the Farm.

### Going to be a Farmer.

One could almost have imagined that the Commissioner was contemplating farming on her own account, judging by the extreme interest she took in everything. Generally speaking, a woman is rarely fascinated by the intricacies of machinery, but here was an exception. Everything had to be explained that could be, affording the Chief Secretary a golden opportunity of exercising his wonderful store of information. He assumed a perfect encyclopedia on farm matters, therefore was able to satisfy the curiosity and answer the multitudinous questions asked.

### Our School of Agriculture.

Conducted through the remarkably-kept piggery, cowsheds, stables, from thence to the tomato beds, which, of course had to be explained, were tomato beds, for only such an exceedingly small sprig of green could be seen peeping through the soil, that an inexperienced eye could scarcely have been expected to have known it; but, however, we were assured the said plants were making splendid progress.

Next came the market garden, where the men were busily engaged in weeding, etc., and of course they must be spoken to. Here the Commissioner was delighted to meet among them Captain Hyde, one of her Training Home lads from the old country, who was equally pleased to meet his Commissioner on Canadian soil and report "Victory through the blood of the Lamb."

### The Social Farm Hands Welcome the Commissioner.

The morning was almost gone before we could realize it, but the Men's Home must be inspected from top to bottom. The miniature dormitories,



Evening Meal after a Hot, Hard Day on the Farm.

dining-room, reading-room and kitchen were models of cleanliness. The Commissioner was charmed with everything. A hasty lunch, partaken of, after which Ensign Dods proudly conducted our leaders into the beautiful little barracks, where all the men were assembled, and if the hearty-spoken welcome expressed the feelings of their hearts, they one and all deeply appreciated that early visit.

### A Meeting with the Men.

They sang just as you would have expected them to, then settled down, and with rapt attention drank in every word the Commissioner spoke—who, by the way, is always in her element when in a meeting of that particular description. I am confident every saved soul left that room inspired and blest and turned to meet their work all the better for that half-hour, also rejoicing over a promise that as early as possible the Commissioner would return and conduct a Sunday's meetings.

Then "Missie," harnessed to the Farm buggy, rendered valuable assistance in enabling a further survey to be taken of the more outlying fields of the Colony, after which a hurried good-bye to our Farm comrades, and we were off once more to the office to try and do in the evening hours what should have been in the day, turning our faces homeward somewhere between the hours of ten and eleven.—Adjutant Carrie Fense.

## A NEW ARRIVAL AT H.Q.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNICE, FROM  
I. H. Q., LONDON, A BLOOD AND  
FIRE SCOTCHMAN.

Staff-Captain Minnice was a stranger at the Commandant's Farewell start tea, but was soon got acquainted. He sat opposite the Scribbler, who sized him up and said to himself, what they say out West, "He's on to his job."

He's a proper Scotchman, and all the Scotch lads present were jubilate.

He entered the field at Beth, Scotland, and fought one year in Bobby Burns' country first, as a Candidate-Cadet. For eight years he has been in London, four in the Corps' Garrison work, from which he was promoted to the Staff, and put on the permanent Training Home Work, where he has fought four years, under the command of our beloved Commissioner. Three years ago he married Captain Grusham, a London lassie. They have two lovely children, who are proper Salvationists.



The Governor's Residence and the Men's Quarters.

"I am impressed exceedingly favorably with Canada," said the Staff-Captain; "the enthusiasm of the Canadian comrades has been above my expectation. I heard of a Salvation Army years ago in Canada that wasn't Salvation Army, but I've been pleasantly surprised."

"What's to be your work, or position in the war here, Staff-Captain?"

"I expect in the Training Work, but I'm prepared for any part of the war at all."

"Ah," said he, "you've been fortunate and favored, to get the Field Commissioner. I tell you, we love her in London! She has been of much help and blessing to me."

The Staff is a bit of a musician and can pull or squeeze a concertina fairly well, but he is a splendid soldier. F. E. S.

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER — VISITS — Toronto Social Institutions.

"We are happy in the Shelter,  
We are happy in the Shelter,  
As the days go by."

Sweet and clear rang out the children's voices as they sang these pathetic lines.

Their bright, intelligent faces were lit up with smiles of pleasure. Children are sincere, and they were gratefully pleased on this occasion. Why? Our already loved, new Leader, the Field Commissioner, was paying her first visit to the Toronto Children's Shelter.

We saw first for the Commissioner was intensely interested, and smilingly remarked: "If ever I am lost, you will know where to look for me," also telling the eager little ones they must CALL HER "MOTHER," and that she would come again to see them some day.

We have never witnessed a prettier or more touching scene than when our Leader gathered these poor lambs around her, and tenderly putting her hands upon their heads, prayed, offering loving petitions for their future happiness, spiritual and temporal.

The children fired a ringing volley for their new "mother," and will not soon forget her kind words and advice.

THE WOMEN'S SHELTER was next inspected and the officers prayed with in the day nursery, which is always open for working mothers to leave their little ones to be cared for while they are obliged to be absent from them.

The Commissioner spoke cheerfully, encouraging words, which will help the officers in their peculiar and trying charge.

### RESCUE HOME.

'Twas a charming June evening, and soft, balmy breezes blowing up from the rippling waters of the adjacent lake cooled the air of a day, sultry and warm.

The shadows of a summer twilight were fast creeping down among the maples and pines—never so beautiful than in lovely, "lovely June," reflecting subdued tints of light and color from their dark, quivering leaves, when the Commissioner entered the Parkdale Home.

Officers and girls were looking forward eagerly to her visit, and all appreciated the fact that the Commissioner had spared time from her busy hours to thus practically show her sympathy with, and interest in, this department of her command.

From laundry, buttry and kitchen to

topmost dormitory was shown the welcome visitor, who expressed herself as delighted with it all, as in the case of the Shelters previously visited.

Miss Booth was particularly touched by the sight of the tiny cot given by a fond mother for the special use of sick children.

The story is a very sad one. The lady's heart was broken by the loss of her little daughter, who was DURNED TO DEATH, and she dedicated the crib of her beloved Violet to the Army Home for this mission.

The dear Commandant has left us, but his memory and influence still lives in our hearts.

One of the many ways he has blessed the world has been by the power of his music and songs.

But we never thought our old Leader's song, "Grace there is my every debt to pay," more appropriate to surrounding circumstances and needs as when sung by officers and girls in the sewing room with the Field Commissioner in the midst.

Again her voice was raised in earnest supplication, voicing the needs of all present, and the efficacy of the blood of the Lamb to wash away every stain, the promise to cover the indebtedness of every soul and power to keep spotless and clean.

Before the evening was closed, the gratified officers and inmates, our dear Leader expressed her pleasure at the neat appearance of all she had seen, and her intention of speedily re-appearing.

We are looking forward to the next time the Field Commissioner has kindly promised to conduct in the various public institutions in the near future. God bless her and speed the work of saving the lost.

BLANCHE READ,

Secretary for Women's Social.

## GREATEST WAR ON EARTH.

Many Victories Won for Jesus—Open-Air Fighting Very Successful—E.O.P. Doing Splendidly.

HALIFAX I.—Corps is having great times in the open air.

PELLEY'S ISLAND Corps rejoices because they hit their Talent Scheme Target.

DUNEDIN, N.Z.—was visited by Ensign Godwin, who enrolled some recruits and led a Council of Officers from Heart's Content and Heart's Delight visited them for a halcyon wedding. John Crawford and Annie were united under the flag.

FIVE SOULS have been saved during the last three weeks at Brampton.

"MAY," of Peterboro, says the officers returned from the "big go" full of fire, and had good times all day Sunday. A Junior got saved.

THREE SOULS got saved at Miss N. D. one of them coming four miles to do so.

THE OFFICERS of Montreal II. have farewelled. The people miss them very much.

THE DEBT is decreasing in St. John II., and a few sinners have been saved.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SCOTT visited Ingersoll; also Adjutant Combs and Captain Long. The soldiers congratulate Ensigna Wiseman on his promotion.

TREASURER ENGLAND, of Chatham, N. E., has been elected an Alderman. They had an ice-cream social in honor of their esteemed Treasurer, and also serenaded him.

Major Complin had a beautiful dedication service at Oakville on Sunday night. Nearly everyone in the place recommended themselves to God.

"MORNING GLORY" was the title of the East Ontario Ladies' Shrine Band, under the command of Adjutant Archibald, to Port Hope, Cobourg and Brighton. Their music was much appreciated. Sister Downey's singing and playing put them in mind of something heavenly. The troupe consists of Cadet Green, his mother and sister, (Mrs. R. C. Brand) Adjutant Archibald, two Sisters Downey, Sister McNanny, Sergeant Godwin, and Lieutenant Jones.

The people are very much interested and attended in crowds and helped liberally in the collection. The old devil kept his angels hard at work to keep the people from getting saved. At the latter place they got between three and four dollars' collection on the drum-head in the open-air, and the people cheered as the band played the "wonder-struck crowd," and Cadet Green's solo, with guitar accompaniment, went down like butter on bread.

## THE MODEL S.

Especially Contrived  
vation Army Soldiers  
Conversion  
BY BRIGADIER  
Our Chief Officer is

Chapter

### HIS SPIRITUAL

OURS IF A SPIRITUAL  
fore need spiritual  
with spiritual weapons  
the not against flesh  
against principles  
model soldier has received  
having, by the mercy  
vined of his exalted  
turned to God in true  
accretion and faith,  
gift of conversion, which  
has transformed him  
into a spiritual man.

That he is "well saved" by the realization the habits are abandoned, ments are mastered, needs with a strong prayer, for God's people service. "Old things away," and "all things new."

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or private, in honour  
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which pleases God.

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## THE MODEL S. A. SOLDIER.

Especially Contributed for Salvation Army Soldiers and Converts,  
BY BRIGADIER MARGETTS,  
Our Chief Officer in West Ontario.

## Chapter I.

## HIS SPIRITUAL CALIBRE.

OURS IS a spiritual war; we therefore need spiritual soldiers, equipped with spiritual weapons, for "we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers." The model soldier has recognized this, and, having, by the mercy of God, been convinced of his exceeding sinfulness, has turned to God in true repentance, consecration and faith, and received the gift of conversion, which, at a stroke has transformed him from a worldly into a spiritual man.

That he is "well saved" is evidenced by the realization that his former civil habits are abandoned, his sinful besetments are mastered, and he is possessed with a strong love for God, for prayer, for God's people, and for God's service. "Old things have passed away," and "all things have become new."

HE HAS SET OUT TO DO GOD'S WILL. It may have been with weakness and trembling, and he may make mistakes, but "His will" that he loves and diligently seeks out, until being assured to his own heart's satisfaction that that will means, he cheerfully embraces and delights in doing it to the best of his ability.

HE BEARS THE CROSS. Although his flesh may shrink, and he may strongly and frequently be tempted to seek an easier path, and though misunderstood by friends, misrepresented by enemies, opposed by the world, and attacked by the devil, yet he has that something within him which causes him to remember that the rugged and thorn-path which his Saviour trod for him, and helps him to cling to and glory in the Cross, following it at all costs.

HE GETS ENTIRELY SANCTIFIED. No mistake is made here. It is an experience as clear as noon-day to him; nor is it merely a stronger or more definite method of expressing his testimony that he has adopted, or a mere powerful means of prayer, or a practice that he has borrowed which has made the change so noticeable. He is made clean within and without, in purpose, motive, ambition, and doctrine, as in deed and practice he is clean, — every wit. His sinful appetites are completely destroyed, the evil conquering, because cast out. Like searching, surging, sweeping sea-waves rolling over and through the vessel will cleanse it, even though it be the mightiest Atlantic liner; so the precious cleansing blood of his Saviour has flowed, and still flows, over and through his soul.

"Thought and wish and senses keeping,  
Now and every instant clean."

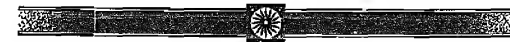
HE IS GOD'S FOR USE. His will is entirely abandoned. Hands and feet, head and heart, brain and body, reason and passion are at his Lord's disposal. He becomes so absorbed in the interests of his Lord's Kingdom, that it is not the command of his Father he placed at front or rear, in public or private, in honour or dishonour, so long as he can be of use in the way which pleases God.

HE IS FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST. Being cleansed, emptied, the fitness for God, the Holy Ghost to occupy his being and dwell there is affected, and the "King of Glory" has come in and filled the capacity, sweetening, beautifying, and vivifying his experience. The seeds of the new—the Christ life—rapidly and surely grow, while he exercises implicit trust in, and faithful obedience to the Spirit within him, and the revealed will of God as seen in His Word which he daily peruses in the true spirit of prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving and submission.

HE WALKS IN THE SPIRIT, and finds his whole soul and being be-

come inflamed with the divine fires of pity, love and compassion for other poor souls, which fires, as he lives close to God, and fans them by communion with his Lord, and with God's people, turn into a heated passion so intense to save souls that he feels like David when he said: "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up," or, like Jeremiah's experience when he exclaimed, "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, for then would I weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people."

(To be continued next week.)



## "Courage."

Composed by

## The Field Commissioner.

IS it oft thy heart has failed thee? Hast thou many times gone back?  
Singer not to count the failures strewn along life's stormy beach;  
If the gathering shadows thicken with the voices of the past,  
See! there shines a golden promise o'er the gloomy darkness cast,

Singing, "As I was with Moses, so I'm going to be with thee,"  
Singing, "CONFIDENCE, and with Joshua more than conqueror you shall be!"

Dost thou fear to face the perils and the shot of battle-ground?  
Oh, remember, in the furnace Grace sufficient martyrs found!  
Held not back when storms are raging and the enemy is strong;

It is when the Jordan's swelling, Jesus lives to lead us on,  
Singing, "As I was with Moses, so I'm going to be with thee,"  
Singing, "CONFIDENCE, and with Joshua more than conqueror you shall be!"

CONFIDENCE!—let it be our Watchword, as a light to guide along:

Over death's last foaming waters—singing then the conqueror's song—

It will brighten up the valley, it will open wide the Gate;  
It will bring us through life's shadows to where shining angels wait,

Singing, "As He was with Moses, so the Lord has been with me!"  
Singing, "Jesus' Blood has conquered! Victory!" through

Sternity.

## NOTES

— ON THE —

## INTERNATIONALISMS

Commissioner's Western Welcome Campaign.

The General addressed 800 Juniors at Stockholm.

Ten Field Officers have been transferred from England to the United States.

Major Yeats Ratnam, who went to India ten years ago, is on a visit to London.

It will require a 60 horse-power engine to run the machinery in connection with the Salvation Army International Exhibition at London in August. Salvationists from all corners of the globe will be present.

Staff-Captain Acum, an old Toronto Headquarters Staff officer, has been promoted Major on the International Headquarters Staff.

Commissioners should feel thankful that our Commissioner visits them first, and reckon it, they will have some mighty things to say. Let the whole city turn out en masse, to treat the officers who will have at the old, and what spiritual food they will get! They will certainly return to their filled with the Spirit.

When what can we say with regard to the General's daughter will get in and Father! They did loyally welcome the Commissioner, but "we shall

Clock House Rescue Home has been opened near the Epping Forest, by Mrs. Branwell Booth for women.

A NEW TITLE of Lieutenant-Colonel has been created by the General. It is the title between 2 brigadier and a Colonel, and the officer is, by courtesy, spoken of as "Colonel."

The GENERAL has visited Hull and Dewsbury. The first meeting at Hull was given to the children, a characteristic of the General's plan of battle. 240 boys and girls cried for God to save them. The great Circus, holding 3,500 people, was held at each Sunday meet-

ing record in these days of war have and unbelief. Sporting and gambling are the twin-gods of Australia.

Commissioner Ross, from South Africa, has just taken hold of the London Provincial work. God bless our old Canadian Commissioner!

## HELPS FOR J. S. SERGEANTS

BRING

Notes on the Manual Lesson for July 1, '96.

By EMORY RITCHIE.

JOHN, THE FORERUNNER OF CHRIST.

Luke 1. 59-80.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And the hand of the Lord was with him, Verse 66.

John the Baptist was the forerunner of Jesus. A forerunner was a man who went before royal travellers to announce their approach, so that people could do them homage as they passed. A part of the forerunner's duty was to see that the way was clear to the traveller.

John came to announce the coming of Jesus and to get the minds of the people ready to receive the new King, who was to rule in righteousness. His coming, like the coming of Jesus, was announced by an angel to Zacharias, his father, already an old man. Zacharias doubted the angel-messengers, and to convince him of its truth he became dumb, and was told that he would remain so until the child was born, and called John.

Verse 59. The people wished to follow an old custom, often observed now, of calling a child after some member of the family.

Verse 60. Do not be afraid to go against custom and friends when God asks you to do so.

Verse 61. The friends of Elizabeth could not understand, just as worldly people can not understand the teachings of God to-day; they look at the outward circumstances.

Verse 62. Zacharias was yet dumb, and they appealed to him by signs, thinking that surely the child would be called after himself.

Verse 63. "His name is John," or, as it was spelled then, "Johanan," meaning "Jehovah is Gracious." "Marvelled." People of the world always wonder when they see the workings of God through His people.

Verse 64. "His mouth was opened." Doubt had sealed the lips of Zacharias just as doubt shuts the mouth and seals the testimony of many true-to-be Christians of our time. Faith and obedience loosed his tongue, and "he spake praises to God." Every faith-inspired tongue will do that.

Verse 65. "Fear came." The testimony of Zacharias took effect, and the people feared God. Does your testimony cause any one to fear God?

Verse 66. "Laid up in their hearts." The seed sown would yet spring up. God's Word will not return void. Speak it everywhere.

"The hand of the Lord." The hand of God is with the righteous but against the wicked.

Verse 67. "Filled with the Holy Ghost." God waits to fill all His people. If you are a professing Christian and powerless, there is wrong somewhere. The Holy Ghost gives power to work for God, inspires the duldest tongue and makes words as arrows tipped with fire.

Verse 68. Study well this beautiful review of former prophecy concerning the coming of Jesus and His wonderful salvation. How often God has visited us in mercy and love. Have you let Him visit you with His salvation?

Verse 69. "Hear." Something to sound it out, also an emblem of strength.

Verse 70. Our greatest enemies are the sins of our hearts.

Verse 71. "In holiness all our days." God's people must be holy. It is our privilege to live holy every day.

Verse 72. John preached forgiveness by baptizing unto repentance with water; Jesus forgives sins and baptizes with the Holy Ghost.

Verse 73. "Guide." How happy is the person who has Jesus for a guide through all the temptations of life! They have a soul at rest, even in outward turmoil.

Verse 80. "Strong in spirit." How many very strong people are weak in spirit and easily overcome; God can make you strong in spirit.

"YOUR FACE DOES shine when you have been with God!"—FIELD COMMISSIONER.

topmost dormitory was shown the welcome visitor, who expressed herself as delighted with it all, as in the case of Miss Booth who, particularly touched by the sight of the tiny cot given by a fond mother for the special use of sick children.

The story is a very sad one. The lady's heart was broken by the loss of her little daughter, who was DUNNED TO DEATH, and she dedicated the cot to her beloved "Pietie" to the Army Home for this mission.

The dear Commandant has left us, but his memory and influence still live in our hearts.

One of the many ways he has blessed the world has been by the power of his music and songs.

But we never thought our old Leader's song, "Grace there is my every debt to pay" more appropriate to our surrounding circumstances and needs as when sung by officers and girls in the sewing room with the Field Commissioner in our midst.

Again her voice was raised in earnest supplication, voicing the needs of all present, and the efficacy of the blood of the Lamb to wash away every stain, the grace to cover the indebtedness of every soul and power to keep spotless and clean.

Before bidding a kind "good-bye," to the grateful officers and inmates, our dear Leader expressed her pleasure at the neat appearance of all who had been, and her intention of specially repeating her visit.

We are looking forward to the meeting the Field Commissioner has kindly promised to conduct in the various public institutions in the near future.

God bless her and speed the work of saving the lost.

BLANCHE READ,  
Secretary for Women's Social.

## GREATEST WAR ON EARTH.

Many Victories Won for Jesus—Open-Air Fight Very Successful—E.O.P. String Band Doing Excellent.

HALIFAX I.—Corps is having great times in the open air.

PELLEY'S ISLAND Corps rejoice because they hit their Talent Scheme Target.

DILDO, N.F.I.D., was visited by Basil Goodby, who enrolled some recruits and led a Council. The Officers from Heart's "Big go" full of fire, and had good times all day Sunday. A Junior got saved.

FIVE SOULS have been saved during the last three weeks at Brampton.

"MAY" of Peterboro, says the Officers returned from the "big go" full of fire, and had good times all day Sunday. A Junior got saved.

THREE SOULS got saved at Mount N. D., one of them coming four miles to do so.

THE OFFICERS of Montreal II. have farwelled. The people miss them very much.

THE DEBT is decreasing in St. John I.L. and a few sinners have been saved.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. SCOTT visited Ingersoll; also Adjutant Combs and Captain Long. The soldiers congratulate Ensign Wiseman on his promotion.

TREASURER ENGLAND, of Chatham, N. B., has been elected an Alderman. They had an ice-cream social in honor of their esteemed Treasurer, and also serenaded him.

Major Compell had a beautiful collection service at Oakville on Sunday night. Nearly everyone in the place consecrated themselves to God.

"MORNING GLORY" reports the visit of the East Ontario Ladies' Spring Band, under the command of Captain Archibald, to Port Hope, Cobourg and Brighton. Their music was much appreciated. Sister Downey's singing and playing put them in mind of something heavenly. The troupe consists of Cadet Green, his mother and sister, (Mrs. R. C. Braund) Adjutant Archibald, Sister Downey, Sister McNary, Sergeant Godwin, and Lieutenant Jones.

The people were very much interested and attended in crowds and helped liberally in the collection. The old devil kept his angels hard at work to keep the people from getting saved. At the latter place they got between three and four dollars' collection on the drum-head in the open-air, and the people cheered as the Kingston nightingale sang and played to the "wonder-struck" on crowd and Cadet Green's viola solo, with guitar accompaniment, went down like butter on bread.

## Will Appear Shortly.

"Leakages,"

By Major Friedrich.

"Three Steps to Full Salvation,"

By Brigadier Booth.

Read

"The Model S.A. Soldier,"

Now appearing, by Brigadier Marquette.

A Special Contribution for the War Cry is also expected from Major Bennett.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF  
THE SALVATION ARMY  
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and the propagation of the Gospel, together with the progress of the Salvation War in all places.  
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

### The Watchword of the Hour.

TOWARDS the close of that fateful day at Waterloo, when the British lion, though torn and mangled and dripping with blood, obstinately refused to cower from fighting, the Iron Duke, seeing the opportune moment had come, rose in his stirrups and roared down those lines, whose valor and endurance had sounded the death-knell of the great Corsican's ambition, "THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE! THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE!"

Then those smoke-begrimed and blood-beamed heroes thundered back another roar of acclamation and charged down on the foe with a sweep like the onward whirl of a tornado.

Comrades, one and all, the time is propitious, the hour has come!

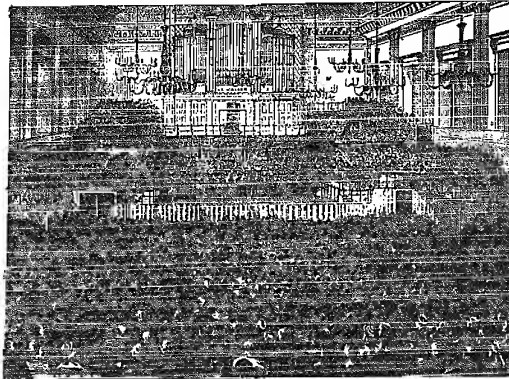
Gathering up into one sentence the watchwords of the Field Commissioner, as delivered by her to the first gathering of soldiers she addressed in this Territory, we send to you the charge: "THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE! THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE! 'PLUCK,' 'COURAGE,' and 'GO FORWARD,' shall win the day.

### The Fighters' Essential.

ONE word more. This time not to the whole line so much as to the individuals, officers of all ranks and soldiers, composing that line. In order to advance so as to effect the greatest good to the cause of the flag we fly, LET THE PRAYING BE IN PROPORTION TO THE FIGHTING. To fight otherwise is to court, at least, partial failure, for any less success than we NEED have is, in a sense, to that extent, failure. Beloved fellow-soldier of Christ, by the love of your Lord, and by our Army's jealousy for His honor, we beseech you look well to this thing—LET THE PRAYING BE IN PROPORTION TO THE FIGHTING.

### Our Warrior Leader.

OUR LEADER is all right in this essential. Her own lips have borne



Exeter Hall, London, Eng., with the Army in full swing.

testimony to her seasons of waiting at the secret Source of Power, especially when crossing the Atlantic on her way to this Continent, and frequent has been the testimony of those who have hung on the words of her powerful discourses in Toronto recently (and who, by the measure of the Divine anointing within themselves can spiritually taste the lincture and force of His presence in another), to the power and spirit with which our beloved leader is carried onward in her utterances. Let us pray, then, that the measure of that gift in our leader may be mightily increased, and let us—each soldier without exception—follow her example, wait on the Lord till we consciously renew our strength, believe with obedient and teachable hearts, till the Lord fills His temple and we are drenched with the Spirit. So shall hell totter and sinners cry for mercy on every hand. Oh, Lord, cause our whole line thus to advance. Amen!

THE COMMISSIONER is working like a Trojan. Before, during, and after office hours, from early morning till late at night is the warrior woman at our head pushing the war.

NEW YORKERS, we hail you. Your send off at the Memorial Hall to our late Commandant was a brilliant success, and worthy of you. You know how to appreciate good people, you do. More power to you, and God bless America!

## LONDON'S GOOD-BYE

### THEIR FIELD COMMISSIONER

At the Great Exeter Hall.

### The General's Letter—A Tremendous Farewell Demonstration.

Our Commissioner was given a tremendous farewell at London, in the great Exeter Hall. Colonel Frost, the British Editor-in-Chief, was highly honored to read a good-bye letter from the General, who was not able to be present.

The General's letter said in part as follows: "The (the Commissioner) has been your willing servant and successful leader for four years gone by. During that time I can bear testimony that instant in season and out of season, with heart and brain and tongue, she has toiled up to the measure, nay, far beyond the measure of her physical ability for your happiness, holiness and usefulness. And now, Commissioner, for a season, farewell. The memory of your devotion while with us, and the thought of your toll among our precious Canadian comrades . . . will be a stimulus to our zeal, a cheer to us in hours of discouragement and depression. We are confident that you will have the hearty, sympathetic and generous co-working of the officers and soldiers of your new Command. . . . Go, take the General's love; next, take all our love, to your new Command."

The meeting was one of extraordinary impressiveness, and the Commissioner's farewell speech was inspired by God's Holy Ghost. The people sang and cried, shouted and prayed.

The great march to the Liverpool Station at night was characteristic of the Londoners' love. "We all wept," says the reporter, and the steamer slowly moved out of the Liverpool Dock, with their dearly loved Field Commissioner, their's no longer. She is ours now, praise God! but we will let you love her still. We love you, dear Londoners, for loving us enough to send us the Field Commissioner. Thank you a thousand times for your precious gift!

T. E. S.

## Chief Secretary's Notes.

SOME PEOPLE imagine that we are always making too much of our work, and falsely say we are blowing our own trumpet, forgetting that while we declare the work of God, we are magnifying Him and showing what a wonderful God He is.

RECENTLY a number of gentlemen expressed themselves to us very reverent. They upbraided us because we did not let the people know more of what was being done; we were not doing what was right, etc.

THIS last week the Commissioner visited the Farm, the Social Institutions of Toronto, and inspected the

printing works. The one thing among others which surprised her was that it is not reported more upon. Such beautiful homes, almost spotlessly clean, with devoted officers and happy inmates.

IT is a fact nobody can deny, that in the Territory we have a beautiful poor and the fallen women. If you wait to enjoy a proper blood and fire meeting, and hear some testimony that make you feel like saying, "Praise God!" every minute, then spend a Sunday at the Farm.

MAJOR AND MRS. McMILLAN have sailed for Newfoundland. They go with the good wishes and prayers of their Leaders and comrades. They are confident of victory. Many a loving eye would have been turned to Newfoundland with half a prayer that the happy individual to lead on our Newfoundland Comrades might have fallen in their lot.

WAR can't be regulated. Major Sharp received orders to farewell when he arrived at Halifax. He had not time to farewell, and like a brave soldier, almost at a moment's notice he dropped the reins, and before hardly anyone had time to ask "Am I the privileged character to have the joy of leading on our warriors in Newfoundland?" Major McMillan was in the saddle. May he fight to conquer!

OUR East Ontario comrades will have welcomed Major Sharp. He is a stranger. The more you know of some people the less you like them. Not so Major Sharp. The more he is known the better he is loved.

NORTH-WEST! How favored you are to have so early a visit of the Field Commissioner! They say you can lead all creation with enthusiastic reception. Now show it.

I HAVE not the least doubt that there will be a great competition between Majors Friedrich and Bennett. They will try their very utmost to outdo each other. I am at a loss to know who will come out on top.

DON'T mistake me. I don't mean it more talk; anybody can talk. I mean in DO. Get the most souls saved, get the most candidates, etc.

THE COMMISSIONER has been extremely busy. Already plans are being formulated for greater advances. The Cycle Brigade will catch on fast. What's that? says some one.

It is just this: Every invention and every advance in science should help save the world, and if it does not it is of no use. The bicycle is a wonderful machine for God's saints and particularly useful in pushing the war in the Salvation Army.

SOME of the Headquarters Staff have already this year given hundreds of miles to the service of the Army on their wheels. It is now proposed to send them together and make a kind of Salvation Club to visit the C.O.P. within 40 miles of Toronto on weekends. They will ride into town singing, do the meetings, get some souls saved, and get back to their work again.

A GREAT advantage, too, is the fact that sisters can ride as well as the brothers, so that when the Brigade goes out it won't be all hoarse, husky men who will take part in the meetings.

I find it is a mistake about the sisters being too nervous. They have as much pluck as the brothers, even in riding. Mrs. Bramwell Booth and the Field Commissioner for several years have used the wheel to good advantage, and become first-class riders.

THIS column is not for war memories, but I have heard of stories of riding 80 and 100 miles at a week-end, saving the fare and getting as many souls saved as miles travelled. God grant it may be so with the first Canadian Bicycle Brigade.

Then there is the opening of the National Training Homes in Toronto, special appeal for candidates, and a lot more. Can't write it this week. Try next.

SERGEANT HINTON, of the 1st Cavalry, reports the conversion of a "War Cry" sold out.

MRS. MAJOR READ, of the 1st Cavalry, is at Riverside; one of the day at Riverside; one of the day at Riverside; one of the day at Riverside.



## A Tremendous V

At Exeter Hall, London.

Seventeen Souls on S  
the Visit of the Pro  
Staff Band.

[BY TELEGRAPH]

Overflowing meetings.  
sunday. Greatest  
years.

ADJ. T. E.

## ADJUTANT C

Farewells from Windsor

Fifty at Kneel Drill, T  
Thirteen Enrolled  
the Last Sun

Have at last had to say good-bye to our dear comrades and friends in G. On my farewell Sunday the glorious finish to our seven or campaign. About fifty at kn in the holiness meeting, er 'neath the yellow, red and afternoon service, and two Truly there is nothing half working for Jesus.—ETHEL C

## NEWSL

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CAPTAIN TURPIN, qui per for the C. O. P., and go al Department.

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CAPTAIN BALE, one of men of the Temple, occupi chair, vacated by Adjutant

STAFF-CAPTAIN S



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A PART OF THE CORPS AT JAMESTOWN, N. D., WHEN OPENED FOUR MONTHS.

## A Tremendous Victory

At Uxbridge, Ont.

Seventeen Souls on Sunday at the Visit of the Provincial Staff Band.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

UXBRIDGE, ONT., June 22.

Overflowing meetings. Seventeen souls Sunday. Greatest move for years.

ADJ. T. E. HUGHES.

## ADJUTANT GALT

Farewells from Windsor, N.S.

Fifty at Knee Drill, Two Saved, Thirteen Enrolled During the Last Sunday.

Have at last had to say good-bye to all my dear comrades and friends in Windsor. They have been so kind to us. God bless them! On my farewell Sunday the Lord gave us a glorious finish to our seven or eight months' campaign. About fifty at knee-drill, four out in the business meeting, enrolled thirteen 'neath the yellow, red and blue during the afternoon service, and two saved at night. Truly there is nothing half so beautiful as working for Jesus.—ETHEL GALT, Adj.

## NEWSLINGS.

ENSIGN ATTWELL assumes the office of cashier for the C. O. P. as well as J. S. Assistant.

CAPTAIN TURPIN quits counting copers for the C. O. P., and goes in the Statistical Department.

CAPTAIN KING, of the Toronto Life-boat, has been appointed to Joe Beep's Montreal.

CAPTAIN BALE, one of the neatest pen-men of the Temple, occupies the cashier's chair, vacated by Adjutant McMillan.

STAFF CAPTAIN SMEETON, the

Comptroller of Finance, makes a flying visit to London, Ont.

CAPTAIN WELSH, better known as "Gypsy" to Londoners, accompanied the Commissioner. She has been nine years in Army work; four as a Field Officer, and five on the personal staff of the Commissioner.

ALL THE CITY TROOPS rallied at the Riverside tent on Monday night. To say it was full and running over is not much, it only holds about seventy-five or 100 people.

SERGEANT FREEMAN was married at Lippinott to Sergeant Bateman, of Stratford, by Major Howell.

THIS ISSUE is partly set up by the new Laundry machine.

CAPTAIN HOWCROFT and Lieutenant Bonnetto have bid the Bowery good-bye and take charge of Yorkville.

CAPTAIN WILSON, of Orangeville, and Lieutenant Pollitt, of Hamilton II., go to the Bowery.

THE TEMPLE reports three souls Sunday night, closing at 11 p.m.; the Bowery two; Lippinott one; Richmond Street one for sanctification.

CAPTAIN PEACOCK, of Toronto, takes about fifty WAR CRYS to the jail every week for the prisoners.

MAJOR HOWELL, the genial Central Ontario Provincial Officer, is to be congratulated on his management of the big demonstration. He says "the arrangements worked without a hitch."

OUR OFFICERS are proving their genuine Salvationism. Major Howell says that irrespective of the Province they belonged to, he found them willing and obliging when asked to take up any duty. That's practical.

AT THE Soldiers' Council, Toronto (re-mark overheard), "10.35 p.m.—That's one hour and three-quarters the Commissioner has been talking." Then they seemed to lose count.

ADJUTANT CASS, of Chatham, Ont., sold 800 farewell silk ribbon badges with the Commissioner and Mrs. Booth's photo and these words on them:

W. O. P., mizpah, Commandant. In principle true. In devotion sure. In loyalty firm. Typical Salvationist never forgotten.

ENSIGN F. MCKENZIE, Light Brigade Agent, for the N. W. Province, has travelled 7,390 miles since October, and led and assisted in 260 meetings and lantern services. He is now sick abed at Moosomin, N. W. T. Pray for him.

## JAMESTOWN CORPS.

A BLOOD AND FIRE LOT OF PEOPLE.

At the time of writing, Jamestown has been opened about four months. Ensign Bob Smith, and Lieutenant Collins formed the attending party. The first lot of recruits—twenty-one—were enrolled by Adjutant Rawlings, six weeks after the opening. "A fine crowd, about the best I ever enrolled in my life," says the Adjutant.

The Mayor attends the meetings, and the people are exceedingly kind, and much "taken up" by the blood and fire spirit of the Army.

Since Adjutant Goodwin has been appointed to the command of the Corps, Jamestown has been made the District Headquarters.

Captain Hurst was a soldier at Nanaimo, British Columbia, and had done good service at a number of Manitoba and North-West Territories Corps.

Lieutenant Collins entered the Field from Grand Forks, and is the first officer sent out by that Corps since the transfer to this Territory.

Adjutant Goodwin's career was written up in the Cry dated the 6th ult. Jamestown is one of the best corps in North Dakota, and has the promise of becoming one of the leading Corps in the North-West Province. God bless Jamestown!

## NOTES

—ON THE—

Commissioner's Western Welcome Campaign.

BY MAJOR READ.

Westerners should feel thankful that our new Commissioner visits them first, and reckon upon it, they will have some mighty times. Of course it is thoroughly understood long ago that Winnipeg is noted for giving our leaders a triumphant welcome, and they will not be behind with regard to Commissioner Eva. Let the whole city turn out en masse. What a treat the officers will have at the councils, and what spiritual food they will receive! They will certainly return to their corps filled with the Spirit.

Then what can we say with regard to the reception the General's daughter will get in Grand Forks? They did loyally welcome her brother, the Commandant, but "we shall

see what we shall see." That North Dakota city will be stirred from centre to circumference. And then the souls that will be saved! Rest assured, ye people of Grand Forks, the Commissioner will not be satisfied unless souls are saved, therefore help her in the battle by praying for her.

Fargo, that great railroad centre, was also to the front in giving our departed leader a splendid welcome. True, it is a new corps comparatively, but its plucky soldiers and loyal friends will welcome with open arms the hero of a thousand battles. If you want to please and help the Commissioner, then fight, sing, and pray, not only while she is in your midst, but all the time.

Now, ye miners of Helena, Butte, and Spokane, what can we say to you to urge you to make this, the Commissioner's welcome visit to your city, one that shall beat all previous records? You have read of her desperate engagements and renowned victories, but now the heroine comes to you in person to cheer you on in the fight. Lift up her arms; pray earnestly for the success of her meetings with you, and you shall never forget what your eyes shall see and your ears hear. You know just how to give Commissioner Eva a loyal welcome.

Then the loyalty of the soldiers and friends of Victoria, Nanaimo, New Westminster, and Vancouver is well known. Have they not practically helped us in the past with their finances, being ever ready to do what they could in this respect? They have welcomed many leaders in days gone by, but faith looks ahead, and cries that Commissioner Eva's coming amongst them will top all past records. We know she will feel quite at home among these perfectly happy and desperate fighting people, and when she has heard the last echo of their farewell cheers as she leaves them at Vancouver, only a few days will elapse when Manitobans at Brandon and Portage will shout and literally scream their welcomes, for they well know how to appreciate a visit from such a brave woman as our Commissioner.

Unity of purpose, mighty prevailing prayer, desperate personal fighting, and pure love for souls must make this series of welcome meetings a never-to-be-forgotten time, so that the whole campaign may be crowned by hundreds of souls crying for mercy. This is the Commissioner's supreme desire. Of course Majors Bennett and Friedrich will be all there on the field of battle.

ADJUTANT WATSON plays an ancient Italian violin valued by musical dealers at \$500.

## A SUNDAY — AT THE — S. A. INDUSTRIAL COLONY.

About to Blow out his Brains—Taken  
in Four Times—Wayfaring Men,  
but no Fools.

BY MAJOR J. READ.

"Change and decay" is not the order of things at the above institution; it is rather a matter of change and improvement all round. Those who saw the farm in its crude state twelve months ago, would scarcely recognize it to-day. Its huge, spacious barn, its pigeries, its cowshed (the two latter buildings being well stocked with pigs and cows), its silo, windmill, moon's quarters, barracks, governor's neat residence, its well-tilled and planted acres of ground, its garden stuff, its loaded apple trees, all these are worthy of the most vivid description, but we desire to devote this article to the account of a beautiful Sunday, with its four battles, and in passing, shall make it more interesting and readable by the record of thrilling facts of what we saw and heard.

So as to be on the ground early on Sunday morn Ensign Dodd drove us up Saturday evening. Five heated but happy bicyclists from T. H. Q. had arrived on the scene, having taken the run to encourage their muscles. Of course they enjoyed their tea, and when thanking God for "what they had received," one of the boys got as far as, "We thank Thee for this good pig," and there was a general collapse. However, they were grateful, first to God, then to Mrs. Captain Green, and as we saw the five white coats disappear down to the hill en route to the city, we felt sure they would benefit physically by their Saturday evening run.

Bright and early the colonists arose on the Sunday morn. The bugle blew, and they gathered for knee-drill. Here is the gist of a typical testimony from H. A.: "Inveterate sinner; outrageous; burned a barn in sheer spite; had four take-ins; (1) the devil took him in and deceived him, (2) a farmer took him in and gave him breakfast, (3) Ensign Dodd took him in and gave him work, (4) God took him in and gave him salvation—saved on the farm four months ago." His was only one of several like testimonies given on this lovely morning. The dear fellows prayed so earnestly, sang vociferously, and clapped their hands incessantly. It was an enjoyable time.

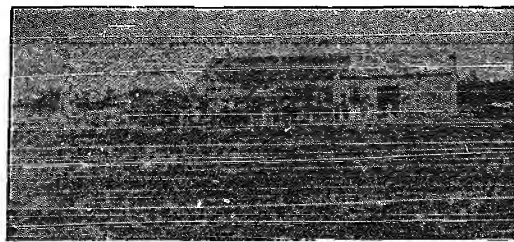
The colonists rallied up well for the holiness meeting, which from the start went with a swing. Oh, that we had space and time to record all that passed at this meeting! Just before it began a poor reprobate, dirty-clad man walked up to the Governor's house, telling out a fearful tale of suffering. We invited him to the meeting, and he enjoyed it. We spoke of freedom from sin, power over temptation, etc., and of the clean, pure, peace from an old bag a big leather belt, which he called the "shield of faith," which, when worn, protected him from all sin. How we laughed! We had the impression that he was one of those bad experienced tramps. The influence of the colony was too good for him, and he scooted—glad to get away—not, however, before the Ensign had given him a pair of rubbers. But to the holiness meeting.

W. D., a tall, fine-looking, military man, gave a sound testimony. For ten years he had served his Queen in the Royal Horse Artillery, being engaged in Egypt and South Africa. For years he was a slave to drink. Lost all through his brain, and was on the point of blowing out his brains, but reached the Colony just in time. He found Jesus four months ago, and in his own words, "I'm always at my work now, and can be trusted."

Then "George" got up to deliver his soul, and it is many a long day since we heard such a soul-stirring testimony. Ten years he was a slave leader in the Old Land. Through misfortune he fell, and led a life of terrible rebellion against God. He had no peace of mind for four long years. Came to the Colony, got gloriously saved, and as he described the death and sufferings of Jesus on his personal account we looked into his calm face and literally wondered. "The 23rd Psalm, from beginning to end, is just my experience," said George at the close of his testimony.

How they all drank in the truth, as Mrs. Read read, being so eager to learn, and although one of the unsaved men said he "had never done anything bad," and another that "he was happy without salvation," yet these are only two exceptions who, when faced up, had not a leg to stand upon. These, however, confessed that the other men possessed something they had not got. We tried to explain to them the way of holiness, and believe they grasped it, for even "wayfaring men shall not err therein."

In the afternoon at the outset we described a free-and-easy for the guidance of the colon-



The Barn and the Piggeries on the Social Farm.

ists, and they kept on right lines. First a solo, then a testimony, they followed on alternately. "Mother always desired that I should be a credit to her, and thank God, I have started to be," said one dear fellow. We took advantage to tell the colonists a little of the workings of God's great S. A., and they seemed delighted indeed. It will help them. The night meeting was glorious, and we did enjoy our visit to the Canadian S. A. colony.



## GONE!

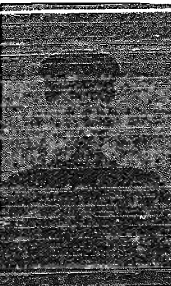
— TO THE —  
Realms of the Blest.

Lt. McPherson, of Westville,  
N. S., Gone to His Reward.

"Lieutenant McPherson is dead; come to the funeral."

In these, or words to this effect, came the sad announcement of Lieutenant McPherson's death at his home in Westville, N. S., a short time ago. Owing to our not being able to get the information we have not been able to send word to the Cry before.

Since that sad time the bereaved parents have sustained a second loss in the death of another son, who lay very sick at the time of the Lieutenant's death. We pay for God's sustaining grace for the sorrowing ones. His brother found salvation during the illness preceding his death.



Lt. J. N. McPherson, Promoted to Glory.

It was my privilege to visit Lieutenant when he was ill, in *Truro*, a few weeks before his death. He was well saved then, and hopeful about his physical condition. As soon as he was able to travel, Captain Lamont, with whom he was stationed, went home with him. His last words to Captain Lamont were, "God bless you, Captain; fight for God and right, and He will bless you."

The two officers with whom he has been stationed, respectively, Captain Jim Miller and Captain Lamont, both send testimony to his life and character as a fighting warrior while with them in the capacity of Lieutenant.

Mrs. Adj. Brankley.

### SUDDENLY SUMMONED.

Buddy Pike, of Rockwood, was Ready.  
Some readers may remember "Buddy Pike," of Rockwood, with his wonderful experience

of the last twelve years. He is now "safe in the arms of Jesus." On Thursday morning, April 23rd, he went out as usual to look after his men in the quarry and lime-kilns. In half an hour he was carried in, having suddenly sunk down on the road, and without a word of farewell he stepped into the chariot and was wafted to his heavenly home. The white robe, the victor's palm, and the starry crown, were prepared for him.

May God cheer and comfort dear Mrs. Pike, and help her to look up to the hills for help and succor.

"We're travelling on to heaven above,  
Will you go, will you go?"

MRS. FOSTER, ST. JOHN V.,  
Triumphantly Promoted to Glory.

St. John No. V. corps has just sustained the loss of a true and tried soldier, in the person of Mrs. Foster. In January, 1896, No. V. corps was opened in the old shoe factory, Portland, and in March Mrs. Foster joined the penitent form. Shortly afterward she became a soldier, and remained one to the end. Whenever she came to the meetings her presence was a source of inspiration to us all. Her face used to light up with joy as she clasped her hands together and said, "I'm so glad that I love Jesus, and I know that He loves me."

For many weeks previous to her death the pain was so intense that she had to be kept in a semi-conscious state, yet she always opened her eyes at the name of "Jesus," and several times also she roused herself sufficiently to say, "I want to be buried by the Army; I want to be buried under the flag." Just about an hour before our dear comrade passed away, one of her daughters bent over her and said, "Take heart, mother dear, it will not be long now," and she answered, "No, it will not be long, Jesus will soon lay His hand on me and take me home."

The funeral was well attended, and many tears were shed as glorified comrades told what a blessing our departed sister had been to them.

Mrs. Foster was seventy-six years of age, and had ten children, seventy-four grandchildren, and one twenty great-grandchildren.

MAX.

## With The Commissioner.

BY ADJUTANT FRANK.

THE COMMISSIONER has been over the Shelters and Rescue Homes, visiting the Creche and Children's Homes during the past week, and returned more than delighted with what she saw.

On speaking to me of the Children's Home she said, "There are all sorts, all sizes; such so clean, so happy, so precious to God and to me. It was so hard to come away!"

The Commissioner intends writing a little account of her visit to the Rescue Homes next week.

Work, I think, with the Commissioner, is a mania. Business is often commenced long before office hours, and is continued long after the office desk is closed. Pray that her strength may be equal to her spirit.

I hear a little trow on the yacht is coming off, dates not yet fixed. I understand many of the Headquarters officers are hoping they will be selected for the crew.

"No one can pass the Commissioner unnoticed," was a remark made the other day; "she has a smile and a word for everybody."

## OUR LOCALS.

A Model Sergeant-Major.

A "WAR CRY" BOONER—J. S. SMITH,  
MAJOR—C. B. M. AGENT, ETC.

"I SHALL give some of the nominal part of my War Cry campaign, supply weekly, and I shall undertake to find some new ones," was the answer Sergeant-Major Smith made to the Captain's query of how he was to dispose of his War Cry selling, and the comrade who made a common-place remark, yet it opened a channel for a threefold blessing: the Captain is relieved, the more backward comrade is encouraged and strengthened in the cause of War Cry selling, and the comrade who made the sacrifice is happiest of all. Such we think such a spirit of love for the cross must have sprung from an experience of "not forgiven." Let us go back a few years in time.

Sister Smith was born in Eikon, Victoria county, Ontario. From childhood she was always surrounded by strictly religious influences, both at home and by regular attendance of Church and Sabbath school; in fact, she was—as far as form and outward life is concerned—a church member in good standing, and even had a kind of unsettled claim of being a Christian herself. But the Lord has His own way of dealing. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Her mother was called away suddenly, but not without leaving a wound behind, for had not God's spirit prompted her that very day to mark for her daughter to read that night the passage, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as you think not the Son of Man cometh."

The blow was a sudden and severe one, but it broke the callous covering of the heart and made audible the voice of God in long halos and silences by form and ceremony. She felt and acknowledged that she was not right. She informed her minister, and asked for prayer. After some struggle and agonizing seeking, Christ revealed Himself as her Saviour. Oh, the calmness and peace which that filled her soul! She was so changed! Everybody around knew it, and have known it since.

Soon after she was convinced that God was her Father in the Army. She promptly obeyed, and has been a faithful soldier since. At present she is Sergeant-Major, G. B. M. agent, J. S. Sergeant-Major, and a real War Cry booner. Time and space prevents us from telling how God has used her in revivifying the benighted and sensual in comforting the sick, and in guiding the dying into the portals of glory through the blood of Jesus. Glory to God! How our Master can do if He has the willing and submissive, but the grace of God that changes the drunkard and reclaims the outcast is just as necessary in the heart of the respectable and moral before they can live right and be useful and happy in the service of Christ.

## Ten Years at the Door.

BROTHER BACON, of Peterboro, sent us the Army at Lindsay. He wanted to go to the meeting, but the Army begged their tambourines and shouted so much that they scared him away. He "faced the music," however, at Peterboro later on, got saved, and is now our doorkeeper there. Brother Bacon is such a good door-keeper that he has been kept at the job for about ten years.

### AN EDITOR'S GOOD WIFE

Captures a Drunken Man and gets Him Properly Saved.

Here is something worth noticing. Mr. Brigadier Cox captured a drunken man from two others, who were also intoxicated; took him home and kept him under surveillance until the Brigadier came home from the office. He was then brought out given some prayer, and marched off to the meeting, and he was saved at the close, but did not seem to be saved; so Mrs. Cox, bright and early next day, went to his house, got hold of him again, gave him some good solid prayer, and brought him to the meeting that night. He went forward again and was properly saved. Glory be to God!



We are a band of soldiers of a peculiar type; we have a full salvation, and in it we delight; we are not proud or lazy, as some of you may think. We don't attend the dancing school, or go to the skating rink. (Repeat last line.)

Our leaders don't wear feathers or ornaments. We don't wear these things, we repeat that of us. On the Lord's day, smoke, nor show, nor speak of it. We consider those who do, not worthy of the name.

## SALVATION AT SIMCOE

GIDEON MILLER, D. O., AND D. O.  
PORTFORTH THEREON.

About One Hundred Sinners Professed Repentance, but some Lapsed.

JIM JONES FINDS HIS PICTURE IN THE " "

The soul-saving work at Simcoe is going rapidly. During our stay about one hundred sinners professed to be saved, but, sorry to say, a number have come and gone like a door's hinges; but we thank God for a number who are still true to God and Salvation Army.

Jim Jones got saved three months



As Jim Jones used to appear.



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66 I SHALL give some of the contents of my WAR CRY column to find some new ones," was the answer Sergeant-Major Smith made to the Captain's query of how he was to dispose of his WAR CRYS more readily. It seemed as if a common-place remark, yet it opened a channel for a threefold blessing: The Captain is relieved, the more backward comrade is encouraged and strengthened in the cause of WAR CRY selling, and the comrade who made the sacrifice is happiest of all. Surely we think such a spirit of love for the cross must have sprung from an experience of "such forgiveness." Let us go back a few years.

Sister Smith was born in Eldon, Yates county, Ontario. From childhood she was surrounded by strictly religious influences, both at home and by regular attendance of Church and Sabbath school. In fact, she was—as far as form and outward life is concerned—a church member in good standing, and even had a kind of unsettled claim of being a Christian herself. But the Lord has His own way of dealing. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Her mother was called away very suddenly, but not without leaving a warning behind, for had not God's spirit prompted her that very day to mark for her daughter to read that night the passage, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as you think not the Son of Man cometh."

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WINNIPEG'S ICONOCLAST BAND.

Wear a band of soldiers of a peculiar type,  
We have a full salvation, and in it we delight;  
We're not proud or lazy, as some of you may think,  
We don't attend the dancing school, or go to the  
singing rink.  
(Repeat last line.)

Our hands don't wear feathers to ornament their  
hands,  
We don't wear the feathers, nor put their hats  
on with red;  
Our hats don't gamble, smoke, nor show, nor sport a  
walking cane,  
For we consider those who do, not worthy of our  
name.

Iconoclast is the name we've given to our band,  
And yet no doubt, there's many here this name  
don't understand;  
Just give us your attention, it's meaning we'll ex-  
plain.  
For you'll find out the following verse will make it  
clear and plain.  
With the gospel hammer we're smashing idols down,  
Zoro and them and everywhere their ruins can be  
found;  
We're bound the devil's kingdom shall never, never  
stand,  
And this is why we call ourselves the Iconoclast  
Band.

Major Bennett and his wife are leaders of our band,  
The affairs of our Province they guide with steady  
hand;  
With Major Collier by their side the chariot's bound  
to go,  
For dirt, debt, and the devil there now will be no  
show.  
The J. S. war is booming, greater victories we shall  
see  
Since Captain Bennett's war was won has lately been  
set free,  
And soon you'll see the J. S. war right through the  
band,  
Carrying on the work begun by the Iconoclast Band.

There's many in this city bless Joms for the day  
When to our Home of Hecene they ever found their  
way.  
And heard that blessed message—though far in sin  
You've been,  
If you will turn to Jesus He'll freely take you in.  
May Eugene Smith's endeavors be owned and blessed  
of God!  
Assisted by her Captain, get many to the Blood;  
We only hope our women will have genuine Joms a  
few.  
For all of this will go to help the Winnipeg Hecene  
Team.  
A. Goodwin, Adjutant.

## SALVATION AT SIMCOE.

GEORGE MILLER, D.O., AND D.D., RE-  
PORTETH THEREON.

About One Hundred Sinners Professed  
Repentance, but some lapsed.

JIM JONES FINDS HIS PICTURE IN THE "CRY."

The soul-saving work at Simcoe is going on rapidly. During our stay about one hundred souls professed to be saved, but, sorry to say, a number have come and gone like a door on its hinges; but we thank God for a good number who are still true to God and the Salvation Army.

JIM JONES got saved three months ago.



As Jim Jones used to appear.

He was one of the worst drunks in town. He said one Sunday night in the meeting:

"Friends, you should all buy the WAR CRY this week, for you will find my photo on the tenth page. There is only a slight mistake in the first name, it should be 'Jim' instead of 'John'; but that's me, all right, as I used to be—bottle in hand and hat on my feet. Thank God, now I'm saved, and have a happy home."

Jim's wife has also got saved, and they are both striving to bring up their little ones in the way they should go.

BROTHER J. BARBER was another man fond of tobacco and strong drink, which had brought to him much sorrow. He and his wife got saved four months ago, also his brother and wife have found Christ, and are happy in the Army.

SISTER SMITH for some time kept hotel and sold liquor, both to men and women. It was a long time before she would come to the S. A., and she even called the Army the synagogue of Satan; but one day about three months ago called to see and hear for herself. God took hold of her, and that night she got saved; also her daughter, and they are both now fighting in the Army.

EX-CAPTAIN WARKS got saved a few months after we came to Simcoe. Poor lad, he had wandered far from God. He became worse than ever before, and drank liquor to drown his convictions. One night while in that state he came forward and sought God with all his heart. The dear Lord took him in. He came out boldly for God. Each day he seemed to rise higher. One month had

gone by when God called him suddenly away. He left a bright testimony behind that all was well with his soul.

BROTHER B—— is one of the last converts. At the time of writing he is only a week old. He came last Friday night to meeting intending to get saved, but went away in sin. That night he could not sleep, and at four o'clock in the morning got up and prayed God to save him. His wife, who is a scholar, saw him through all O.K. This man has been one of the worst swearers and quick-tempered men in town, but is greatly changed now, bless God.

There are others who have been low in sin saved during the past winter.

Mrs. Miller and myself have spent ten happy months in this corps and district.

Yours for souls, G. MILLER, D.O.

THE FAREWELL AND WELCOME meetings were announced in Toronto by a big drum, twelve feet in diameter, drawn on a lorry by a team, headed by a brass band. A large streamer was stretched across Albert street. Captain Lewis was run in by a policeman for shouting on the streets to announce the meetings.

## YOUR EYES

Should see Eugene Gravelle's photo and article, from India, in next week's Cry. He was a Toronto H. Q. boy once.

## GAZETTE.

### PROMOTIONS—

CAPT. J. HESART, West's Bay, to be ENSIGN.  
CAPT. M. NEWMAN, Grand Bank, to be ENSIGN.  
CAPT. W. PARSONS, Harbor Grace, to be ENSIGN.  
CAPT. KENDALL, Saltville District, to be ENSIGN.  
CAPT. WHITMAN, Ingersoll, to be ENSIGN.  
CAPT. KERR, Montreal III., to be ENSIGN.  
LIEUT. GARRAGE, Bowmansville, to be 2nd CAPTAIN at Buxtonville.  
LIEUT. WAT, Dundas, to be CAPTAIN at Chateley.  
CAPT. CAPTAIN O'NEIL, Oshawa, to be CAPTAIN at Warkton.  
LIEUT. BOWEN, Thornhill, to be CAPTAIN at Little Oshawa.  
LIEUT. WILSON, Orangeville, to be CAPTAIN.  
CAPT. GILLES, Orangeville, to be LIEUTENANT.  
CAPT. DUNBAR, Brambridge, to be LIEUTENANT.  
CAPT. FAYTON, Brambridge, to be LIEUTENANT.

### APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN RITCHIE, Deputy Department, to take charge Workman's Hotel.

OUR ARTIST, Mr. George Semple, says the great spectacular reception march in connection with Commissioner Eva's coming, opened the eyes of Toronto people to the Army.

AUXILIARY SEARLE, of Clinton, is making the WAR CRY department a present of some back volumes of the WAR CRY.

THE HURRICANEERS have been discharged, and a Provincial Staff Band has been organized in the C. O. P., twelve strong.







# WARY GALES

ALL MEETINGS.

## HOLINESS.

TUNE—Come, brethren, dear; or, Come, Jesus, Lord, with holy fire. (S. A. M., Vol. I, No. 517; B. B., No. 9.)

1 To victory, Lord, Thy soldiers lead,  
And make us Israelites indeed,  
Obedient, good, and true;  
Salvation is our battle-cry,  
We mean to win the fight or die,  
Our fighting strength renew.

Thy soldiers with great courage bless,  
Impart a holy righteousness  
As spotless as the light;  
From sin Thy blood has set us free,  
And now we've got the victor's  
We'll shout with all our might.

In us Thy holy image show,  
Send us to war while as the snow,  
Till every foe is gone;  
To us let holy joy be given,  
Upon the clean highway to heaven  
We'll shout with all our might.

Let every inward foe be slain,  
In us revive Thy work again,  
And bring to life the dead;  
Lord, let a world-wide work be done,  
Let every blood-bought soul be won,  
Till all to Christ are led.

COLONEL PEARSON.

TUNE—From every sin made clean, B. J. 81.  
Come in, my Lord, come in, B. B. 27;  
B. J. 46.

2 Jesus, Thy fulness give,  
My soul and body bless;  
Cleanse me from sin that I may live  
The life of holiness.  
With full salvation might  
My heart and mind make strong,  
Help me to live and do the right,  
And part with all that's wrong.

Give me full joy and peace,  
Eternal inward rest;  
Lead me to Calvary's holy feast,  
There let my soul be blest.  
Saved from the power of sin,  
Kept by Thy grace secure,  
Let all without and all within  
Be pure, as Thou art pure.

With goodness make me kind,  
Life's hatred crucify;  
Make me the image of Thy mind,  
All love of self destroy.  
Thou only know'st the worth  
Of sinless blessings given;  
The life of perfect love on earth  
Is holiness and heaven.

## Special.

TUNE—Shout aloud salvation, boys. (B. J. No. 2; Salvation Music, Vol. II, No. 46.)

3 Oh, what a mighty power is faith!  
What wonders it hath wrought!  
Its brilliant deeds have brightest shone  
Where men of faith have fought.  
And many a time we've felt the power  
That prayer and faith have brought—  
There's power to be got by believing.

## CHORUS.

There's power, there's power for all who will believe,  
There's power, there's power more mighty than the sea,  
There's power divine for all who will the Holy Ghost receive,  
There's power to be got by believing.

Strong faith secures eternal life,  
Faith conquers fear and sin,  
Faith justifies and sanctifies,  
Faith lives with Christ within;  
Faith fights and drives the stubborn foe,  
And will the battle win—  
There's power to be got by believing.

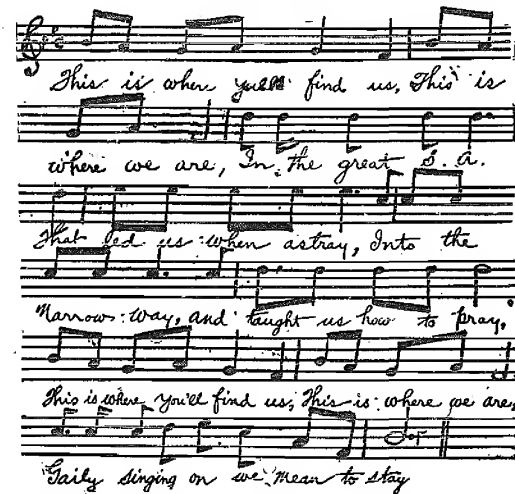
Faith works to do the will of God,  
Faith marches through the sea,  
Faith dares to live and do the right,  
Faith fights for liberty;  
Faith shifts the walls of Jericho,  
And will have victory—  
There's power to be got by believing.

Faith is the giant-key of heaven,  
The life of all that's good,  
And ruler of the lion's den,  
Master of flame and flood,  
The confidence of God's Word,  
The strength of fire and blood—  
There's power to be got by believing.

COLONEL PEARSON.

## THE COMMISSIONER'S NEW CHORUS,

# "This is Where You'll Find Us."



TUNE—There is a better world, they say, B. J. 11, 3; Christ for me, B. B., 48; What's the news? B. J., 12.

4 Poor sinner, come to Jesus now,  
Come away, come away!  
For thee the cleansing stream doth flow,  
Come away, come away!  
Though vile and black thy past has been,  
In Christ your only hope is seen,  
Come away, come away!

Oh, hear His tender, pleading voice,  
Come away, come away!  
He'll bid your drooping soul rejoice,  
Come away, come away!  
For you His precious life He gave,  
For you He triumphed o'er the grave,  
And now He lives your soul to save,  
Come away, come away!

His precious blood doth now atone,  
Come away, come away!  
He'll take away that heart of stone,  
Come away, come away!  
If on the verge of dark despair,  
Sin from your heart this power can tear,  
Now, cast on Him your sin and care,  
Come away, come away!

TUNE—I know of a Saviour from sin.

5 'Twas Jesus who came down from heaven  
And gave up His life on the tree;  
'Twas Jesus who opened a fountain  
Of cleansing for you and for me;  
'Twas Jesus despised and rejected—  
A man full of sorrow and grief;  
'Twas Jesus they led to the slaughter,  
And now there is cleansing for thee.

## CHORUS.

I know there is cleansing for thee,  
I know there is cleansing for thee;  
In the blood of my Lord Redeemer  
I know there is cleansing for thee.

'Twas Jesus, oppressed and afflicted,  
Who bore all the mocking and shame;  
'Twas Jesus who cried, "Father, forgive them,  
They know not by Me that they live."  
'Twas Jesus, the world's best Redeemer,  
Who suffered the nails, thorns and spear,  
'Twas Jesus who cried, "It is finished,"  
And now there is cleansing for thee.

'Tis Jesus, poor sinner, 'tis Jesus  
That's bidding you come unto Him;  
'Tis Jesus, poor wanderer, 'tis Jesus  
That's calling you now to come home.  
'Tis Jesus whose heart is now yearning  
With love and compassion for thee,  
'Tis Jesus that's waiting to save thee,  
Oh, come and accept Him to-day.

STAFF-CAPTAIN GAGE.

## The Cleansing Stream.

TUNE—Beneath hand.

6 Once I was full of sin and woe,  
And yet would not to Jesus go;  
But still preferred the path of sin,  
Till Jesus' voice I heard within.

## It's Weel wi' my Soul.

BY LIEUT. BALLARD.

TUNE—Barrin o' the door.

7 I want was on the downward road,  
An' served the deil weel, o';  
But Jesus Christ, the Son o' God,  
Has saved my soul from hell, o'.

## CHORUS.

It is weel wi me soul,  
It is weel, weel, weel;  
It is weel wi me soul—a' weel.

An' noo I live a' God alone,  
I serve Him iv'ry day, o';  
The precious bluid o' Jesus Christ  
Has washed me sins awae, o'.

Oh, sinner, if ye'll come to God,  
He'll pardon iv'ry sin, o';  
Oh, come just noo, He waits ta save,  
I ken He'll tak ye in, o'.

## SECOND CHORUS.

It is weel wi your soul?  
It is weel, weel, weel?  
It is weel wi your soul—a' weel?

(As sung at the "Old-fashioned Scotch supper" at Sault Ste. Marie.)

## North Dakota Advances.

A FEW UP-TO-DATE FACTS OF THE ADVANCE IN THE GLORIOUS WEST.

BY THE ASSISTANT EDITOR.

MAJOR BENNETT, the Provincial Secretary of the North-West Province, on his way down from Winnipeg, visited Selkirk and Rat Portage. He crossed the great lakes by the C.P.R.'s steamer, landing at Owen Sound, where he held a meeting in the Central Ontario Province.

The soldiers and recruits in his Province number 1196. Eleven new corps have been opened on the U. S. side since the transfer of North Dakota to his command, a little over a year ago, and he proposes to open Dickinson and Lisbon as corps as soon as officers can be had. Langdon will also be opened as a circle corps. Forty new officers have been raised since the Major has been in the North-West, and his cry is for more. Captain Guiney, of Rat Portage, is the latest arrival from England.

Ensign Sarah Smith, of the Winnipeg Rescue Home, and Captain Emma Gooding, of Fargo, North Dakota, have been attending the "big go."

Captain Thomas, lately on furlough in Ontario, has just taken charge of Brandon corps.

## MORE REPLIES TO THE GENERAL'S CABLE,

From Representative Men.

*Dear General*  
*Sincerely*  
*and enthusiastically*  
*our new Commissioners*  
*we are with you*  
*for that precious soul*  
*of the Army*  
*Believing*  
*for greater victories*  
*in the future than*  
*even in the past*  
*Yours,*  
*Respectfully*  
*J. B. Matton*

*We are exceedingly*  
*thankful to you for*  
*the gift of another*  
*of your family to*  
*lead us in this war*  
*We will follow*  
*you to the finish*  
*W. H. H. H.*  
*London, Ontario*

*Belton General*  
*My voice and living appointment of Commissioner*  
*for North to the Canadian Command is another testimony*  
*of your affection and consecration of the people in need of the*  
*war in the Dominion. In present is steadily increasing and*  
*gathering. The future is full of hope. Victory is nigh in the air.*  
*Yours affely*  
*Matton Adv.*

